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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Love's Frightful Fall.

The tender gray twilight of a June evening was settling down upon the earth as Natalie Melutosh sat down on a little rustic bench, whose cozy look made it a fit place indeed for love's tryst and vigil. Presently George W. Simpson entered the gate and was soon by her side. For an instant no word was spoken between them, and as they stood there, her arms about his neck, her head upon his shoulder, Natalie felt that with-out the love of this man her life would be a starless blank. Here was a deep, trusting, as it the rope broke, we are gone love that made her voice falter and die away when she spoke to George about it.

"You love me?" she asked, looking up to George with eyes in which there shone the radiance of a tender, beautiful passion; "love me better than all the world besides; better than you have ever loved any one in your whole life?"

George did not answer, for as Natalie spoke there came to him a haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, a bright face, smiling and radiant and dimpled, and dowy, scarlet lips that once met his own in sweet, clinging, don't-let-go-if-you-value-your-life kisses. He thought of all this as he bent tenderly over Natalie, her golden hair touching his cheek and the perfume from the lilies she wore clinging to his breast.

The girl noticed his silence. "Why do you not answer me?" she said.

George did not reply, but drawing her still closer to him would have kissed her again.

"I want no kisses," she exclaimed passionately, withdrawing herself from his arms, "from lips that are not sacred to me alone. I have given you all that a woman can give--the love of her whole nature. My heart has been a lute for you to play upon, and yet when I ask you if you love me there come no answer from your lips and your eyes do not look into mine," and drawing herself up in the imperious wholeness of her nature that befitted her so well she sat down on the rustic bench with a dull, sickening thud that told all too plainly of a broken bustle.

In an instant George was by her side, and Natalie was sobbing as if her heart would break. "Forgive me, darling," he murmured, in low, broken tones.

"But I demand an answer," exclaimed the girl passionately, "and again ask if you ever loved another."

"I did," he replied. "Loved her wildly, madly."

"Who was it?" she asked, her cheeks aflame with the hot flush of anger.

Bending low over her, George whispered into her left ear the fatal words: "Lydia Plunkham!" and with a hollow, mocking laugh, fled into the darkness. (Chicago Tribune.)

A bridal night experience almost surpassing in tragic horror that of the bride of Lammormoor, which Scott said was "an over true tale," is reported from Rio Grande del Sur, near the Uruguay frontier. A young farmer's marriage was postponed on account of his being bitten by a dog. The wound was cauterized and all went well. Three months later doctors declared all danger over. The marriage took place. A supper followed, and at supper the bridegroom was noticed to fall into gloomy abstraction. After supper came dancing, and when the ball was at its height the bride and bridegroom withdrew. About an hour later piercing screams came from the bridal chamber. The door was burst open. On the floor lay the bride still alive, but torn as though by a wild beast. The bridegroom, covered with blood, and foaming at the mouth, covered in a corner, but in a moment sprang upon one of the men, when a brother of the bride sent a bullet through his heart.

Hon. Proctor Knott paid a visit to Midway some days ago, and while there was introduced to a lady who had not heard of his nomination. He was so graceful and elegant in his manners that the lady mistook him for a dancing master, and inquired if he intended organizing a class in Midway. (Press.)

Useful Household Recipes.

FOR QUINCY--Gargle with water hot as can be borne.

MATTING--Wash matting in salt and water to preserve it from turning dark.

LAMP WICKS--To insure a bright flame, soak wick in vinegar twenty-four hours.

TO CHECK VOMITING--Give a teaspoon of whole black mustard seed; in severe cases, give a tablespoonful.

TO KEEP FLIES OFF GILT FRAMES--Boil three or four onions in a pint of water and apply with a soft brush.

STINGS OF INSECTS--Are relieved by the application of ammonia, or common table salt, or a slice of onion to the part.

FOR TOOTHACHE--Apply powdered alum and fill the mouth with warm water, and immediately after with cold water.

TO CLEAR CISTERN WATER--Add two ounces of powdered alum and two of borax to a twenty barrel cistern of rain water.

GINGER SNAPS--Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoon of soda, one of ginger; flour to roll stiff. Bake thin.

TO PREVENT BEDRUSS--Wash the slats and benstead in cold water and apply oil of sassafras with feather or camel's hair brush.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE--Bathe the feet in very hot water, drinking at the same time a pint of cayenne pepper tea.

TO HEAT THE WHITES OF EGGS QUICKLY--Put in a pinch of salt; salt cools, and the cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth.

TRANSPARENT PICHING--Four eggs, beat separately, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar; beat and sugar to a cream, add yolks, two tablespoonfuls of jelly. Flavor to taste; add the whites as a meringue.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLES--Pare ripe, sound tomatoes (do not scald), put in a jar; scald spices (tied in a bag) in vinegar, and pour while hot over them. This recipe is best for persons who prefer raw tomatoes.

LEMON FOR CAKE--Whites of three eggs well frothed, one pound of sugar wet with water. Boil sugar and water till almost candy, and while boiling pour over the frothed whites. Beat well and flavor with lemon.

LADY'S CAKE--One-half cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, two of flour, nearly one of sweet milk, half teaspoon soda, and one of cream tartar, whites of four eggs, well beat; flavor with peach or almond.

REMEDY FOR WHOOPING COUGH--Mix one lemon sliced, half pint of flaxseed, two ounces of honey and one quart of water. Simmer, not boil, four hours. Strain when cool. Dose one tablespoonful four times a day.

SPONGE CAKE--Three eggs, one and a half cups powdered sugar, two of sifted flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, half cup cold water, teaspoon soda, grated rind and half the juice of one lemon. Bake in dripping pan.

The St. Joseph Herald publishes some very severe comments on the Phil Thompson case and of old Phil's remark, "Thank God, Kentucky's wives can now be protected!" says: Protected from what? From the bullet of a red-handed villain? An innocent man lies sleeping in his grave to day, and his heart-broken wife may have the sweet consolation during the years of her widowhood that "Kentucky's wives can now be protected." And what protection has the abandoned wife of the murderer--a woman whose reputation for chastity has never been questioned except by the brute whose ears have been poisoned by the venomous tongue of his mistress? The only way that Kentucky's wives can be protected has now been blocked. Their protection was the hangman's halberd about Congressman Thompson's neck, but a Kentucky jury has declared that Kentucky's wives need no protection.

The great drag rope to pull the cars across the Brooklyn Bridge has been completed. It is 1 1/2 inches in diameter, 11,700 feet in length, and weighs 19 tons. Before it left the manufactory, each wire of which it is composed was subjected to a strain of 1,000 pounds, and was stretched from four to six inches. It is tarred to preserve it from the atmosphere.

It was first known that hogs were good to eat when Japhet Ham. It would be a shame not to Noah thing was good after trying it. (Buffalo Every Saturday.)

L. R. Marion, of the L. C. R. R. Co., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a valuable remedy for neuralgia and bilious complaints."

A Signal Station Three Miles High.

The Government has determined to establish a Signal Service Station on the summit of Mount Whitney. Mount Whitney is supposed to be the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada range, and, in fact, the highest in the United States, having an altitude of 14,995 feet above the sea level. It is described as "the culminating point of an immense pile of granite, which is cut almost to the centre by numerous steep and often vertical canyons." It is situated on the west border of Inyo county, Cal., and about 325 miles southwest of San Francisco. The station will have an elevation more than double that of the station on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, which is 6,288 feet above the sea level. As the data on which storm predictions for this coast are obtained from stations north of San Francisco, that on Mount Whitney will not be as useful to the coast as the Mount Washington Station is to the Eastern seaboard. It will, however, serve for many important scientific purposes. (San Francisco Chronicle.)

A QUICK-HANDED PARSON--It was in the Carolina backwoods. A country couple and parson. When he had finished the ceremony he said: "An' them 'uns who God have join-ed!"

"Stop thar, parson," said the groom; "don't say them 'uns,' say these 'uns'."

"John," said the parson, "I teched you at school, and I say them 'uns.'"

"These 'uns,'" shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.

The parson, seeing the movement, fired through his surprise, and the groom dropped dead, winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusillade of perhaps thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away half a dozen men were on the floor. The bride peeping over the pulpit, to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:

"Then a self-cookin' pistol is playin' in'--with my prospects!" (Durango Herald.)

A judge in St. Louis has discharged a master of a public school who was prosecuted for whipping a boy after milder punishment had been of no avail. The Court found that, in order to preserve discipline, the teacher must determine the necessity, the nature and extent of punishment, his acts, like those of a parent, being subject to judicial review. The judge also said: "Four years' experience in the administration of criminal law convinces me that the boys who become criminals are boys who don't get whipped, and when it is remembered that a large percentage of the bolder crimes known to the law is committed by youths ranging in age from 14 to 20 years, the question arises, is it better to whip first or imprison afterward?"

To remove the unpleasant taste which is frequently observable from new wooden vessels is a thing difficult of accomplishment. The *Breeding World* says that the simplest plan and one that will succeed in most cases, is to seal them thoroughly several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearlash, or soda, in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterward scald them several times thoroughly as before.

Kentucky gave birth to the only man who was ever at one and the same time the pastor of two churches, the editor of two newspapers, and the conductor of a camp meeting. This phenomenon is Ben Deering, who lives in Carlisle, Mo., where he "runs" a church and a newspaper, has a church and a newspaper in Cartersville, a church in Welch City, Mo., and is now devoting his leisure time conducting a camp meeting in Kenton county, Ky. (News Journal.)

A Washington editor alleges the Treasury is a good place for young ladies to get into if they desire to find lovers and husbands. It is said that during the past three or four months over one hundred have been graduated into wedded life from that institution. (N. Y. World.)

Gov. Blackburn made an ass of himself in his speech and the convention made an ass of itself by its rudeness to the Governor. So honors are about evenly divided between the Governor and his constituency. (Glasgow Times.)

Dr. F. M. Eppley, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has disappointed me in none of the diseases for which it is recommended."

No Speechmakers.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he attempted it, failed and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States, the labor was entirely forgotten in a committee of the whole of which Washington was chairman; he made two speeches during the convention, however, and was acknowledged the master spirit; and historians affirm that, had it not been for his great popularity and the thirty words of his speech, pronouncing the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN TENNESSEE--The ghost that inhabits the haunted house near Jacksboro still keeps up his racket. Mr. Walker, who owned and lived in the house at the time of the ghost's first appearance, vacated the premises several weeks since, and says all the money in Tennessee would not induce him to spend another week in the house. The ghost sometimes assumes the shape of a small child, with hands extended, changes instantly to a black cat, then to a snow white cat; wails, groans and thumps on the floor, moves the chairs and at times make an indescribable, unearthly noise. A stroke or a kick passed through him as it would thro' a flame; follow him up and he melts away. He whispers in the face of the sleeper and the strongest grasp of a strong man can not hold the bed covers. (Knoxville Times.)

THE LUXURY OF FROGS' LEGS--In the spring and through the summer, while the season lasts, the frogs come up from the muddy bottoms of ponds and are shot and caught with soap nets. Boys and old men are the hunters, usually. And since the American people are learning to be so fond of the French dish, several rural men have gone into cultivating them. Frogs' legs in hotels, though considered a great luxury, are often served up as spring chickens. In Washington Market the weekly sales average 1,000 pounds. It seems astonishing that so many pounds of eatable frogs could be obtained, but they are brought here from all over New York, New Jersey and Maryland. (New York Journal.)

Two ladies were overheard, a few days ago, discussing the hereafter, and number one said: "You never see any pictures, or hear anything about men up in Heaven." Well, said number two, "If there are no men I do not care to go." "Oh," said number one, "I have heard of Gabriel up there blowing his horn." "Yes," said number two, "if there is a man you may be sure he is blowing his horn." "True," said number one, "if else taking it," and they passed out of hearing.

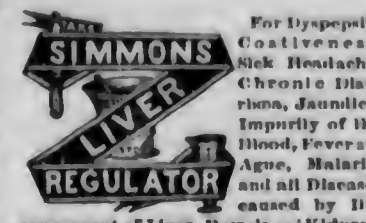
Mr. Hutton, the owner of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has an office of profit in Washington; Mr. Waite, an editor of the *Hawkeye*, is Postmaster at Burlington, and John W. Burdette, another editor of the *Hawkeye*, and a brother of the funny man, has been appointed Collector of the Fourth Iowa district. The office-boy of the *Hawkeye* had not been provided for at last accounts. (Philadelphia Times.)

When a Scotchman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked, "Why was Mary Queen of Scots born at Linlithgow?" Sandy Kerr promptly answered, "Because her mither was staying there, sir," and there actually seemed to be nothing more to say on the subject.

Last winter a Missouri girl leaped into a river for suicide, but, finding the water distressingly cold, she got out as soon as possible. She declared that she simply postponed her death until she could drown more comfortably; and now, with the first warm weather, she has executed her purpose.

Catarth is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarth Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Peuny & McAllister.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarth Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle.



For Dyspepsia, Costive Bowels, Sick Headache, Chronic Rheumatism, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Diseases, Nausea, Headaches, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, alternative and cathartic, never let out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE. And has all the power and efficacy of Colman's or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SWARTZ, Governor of Ala. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga. I have used your medicine for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Be careful only the Genuine, which always comes wrapped in the red & Trade-Mark wrapper of J. H. ZEELIN & CO. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHERE IT IS TENDING--That ventral villian, James D. Brady, Mahone's henchman in Petersburg, has addressed a paper to the republicans and coalitionists of Nauseumond, (a county in which the negroes predominate) in which, among other incendiaries he says:

"The readjusters have commenced the obliteration of the color line in politics and in civil intercourse."

Civil intercourse is simply a softer phrase for social intercourse. With such revolutionary ideas are the nodules of the ignorant negroes being filled by many of their white-skinned allies and leaders. It is not against the negroes, but against such whites that we should invoke the burning scorn and inextinguishable contempt of all honorable men and virtuous women. (Lynchburg News.)

Bishop Gilmore says that Thomas Jefferson was the progenitor of dynamism, because he "planted the seeds of discord in civilized society when he promulgated the doctrine that 'all men are created equal, and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'" The Bishop regards this doctrine as false in its notions of human equality, and as the cause of communism, nihilism, and general restlessness.

Often wet the back of baby's head, when hot from teething, and habituate it to frequent sips of water (not draughts) to cool and moisten the mouth and throat, which often becomes parched from unnatural heat during teething. An old physician told me that many infants died from want of water. ("Wife," in Minnesota Tribune.)

A religious exchange tells a story of a cornet player employed by a Baptist church, who lost his position by playing the well-known melody, "Pull for the shore," at the baptism of a number of converts.

Jacob Schneider ran away with Hans Breitenbock's wife. Upon being interviewed the husband said: "Dot is the best way not to speak a little about it. Hut I pityes Jacob Schneider."

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denton's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great worth, call on Peuny & McAllister, Standard, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Louis B. Wallis, of Danville, Ind., cashier of Hendricks county, says he was given up by his family physician to die with consumption, but Brown's Expectant cured him. For sale by Peuny & McAllister, Standard, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Never neglect a cough when a fifty-cent bottle of Brown's Expectant will cure you. For sale by Peuny & McAllister, Standard, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

WALL PAPER!

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Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale and Small Profits. Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

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Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

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Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

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Hardware and Groceries, Glass-

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Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates

and Tinware,

Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent

and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming

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Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,

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Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking

Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn

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And the Best Pump in the Market, the Mayfield

Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tin-

ware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries,

Wooden, China and Glassware.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
OF Marion.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
CAPT. JAMES R. HINSMAN,
OF Ashland.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
T. W. HARRIS,
OF Mercer.

FOR AUDITOR,
FAYETTE NEWETT,
OF Harlan.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES W. TATE,
OF Franklin.

FOR REGISTER OF LAND OFFICE,
JOHN G. CECIL,
OF Pike.

FOR IMPERMANENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOS. DENNIS PICKETT,
OF Kayle.

FOR STATE SENATE, EIGHTEENTH DISTRICT,
MAJ. F. D. RIGNEY,
OF Clay.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE LEXINGTON COUNTY,
JEDDIE T. HILL, JR.

In a letter to the New York World Senator Bayard, of Delaware, makes the following suggestions of true reform: "The excise system can be so arranged, I am sure, as to do away with the army of spies and agents and the detestable inquisition practiced under the present law. A tax upon the ascertained capacity of a still can be substituted for the hosts of political storekeepers and gungers and armed marshals, who now constitute the chief power of the radical party in many States, and a sensible reduction of the rate of the tax to a true revenue point would accomplish a vast reform and give vast relief."

Mr. J. G. CECIL, who was nominated for Register of the Land Office, emphatically denies that there was any combination with Sheldon and others, whereby they should have Clerkships if their votes were thrown to him. Sheldon, Grant and Ifte Miller seem to be equally as emphatic that there was such an understanding. The office of Register is one of the poorest that is elected by the State at large, and yet there are more applicants and more fuss over the spoils than any of the others.

HON. HENRY WATERSON delivered an address before the literary societies of Vanderbilt University, Tuesday night, on the "Homicidal Side of Southern Life." He touched slightly on the "higher law" but admitted that the carrying of concealed weapons, an offspring of the war, which he characterized as the mark of a coward and blackguard, is the chief cause of the hundreds of homicides that occur yearly in the South. The address, like all of his productions, is both readable and instructive.

The County Judge of Montgomery, fearing another mob, which was reported coming 500 strong, called on the Governor for troops to guard the Mt. Sterling jail. He promptly ordered out the Cerro Verde Guards, but no lynchings came. Mobs are always cowardly and the reception the one received at Mt. Sterling when three guards whipped a battalion, is likely to deter a further attempt to take prisoners from Jailer Pynch.

George Alfred Townsend has an income of \$20,000 a year from his writings, and Annanias was struck dead for lying. [New York Star. Gath, as Townsend is known, was knocked down for lying a few days ago. Then Joe Blackburn slapped him for the same offense. So it will be seen that the way of transgressors is still very hard.

The republican party is the party of centralized Government, the monopoly creating party, the party of high taxes, the champion of protective tariffs, the enemy of foreign commerce, the enemy of the workingman, the friend of money monopolies. The democratic party is and always has been the champion of exactly the opposite principles.

For the information of our generally correct neighbor, the Yeoman, we will say that this Senatorial District is composed of the counties of Boyle, Casey, Garrard and Lincoln, and not of Lincoln, Casey and Russell as printed in that paper three times a week.

The Auditor has refused to pay the military escort of Gov. Blackburn to Nashville and very properly. It is the old fellow wants to make an exhibition of himself, he ought to be willing to foot the bills and not call on the State to do so.

The Covington Commonwealth says that "Gov. Blackburn's visit to Nashville was more agreeable than his visit to the Democratic Convention at Louisville. The Nashville people didn't hoot him. They respected his office."

The democrats of Virginia, are greatly elated at their recent victory over Mahone, of which the Richmond State enthusiastically says: "The day dawns. The long, black night of Mahoneism is passing away under the bright light of the sun of freedom, which sheds its rays into every nook and corner that the boss conspirators have made the hiding-places of their crimes. This is our first decisive victory since the memorable fall of 1880, three years ago, and as the debt question no longer divides democrat from democrat, we are marching in solid column, with firm step and brave heart to the great victory next November, when right shall triumph, and the boss' herds shall be routed and driven forever from our fair land."

SENATOR McDONALD says the tariff issue, connected with the general subject of revenue reform, will necessarily be an important question in all future political contests, until it is settled upon doctrines of the constitution and principles of sound political economy. We may be some time reaching a solution of the question, but as the public mind comes to be enlightened, it will not be satisfied with any tariff that has not for its government nor with the details any tariff law in which the duties laid upon foreign merchandise shall be above the revenue point.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer a short time since published an interview with Gov. Blackburn, in which that dignitary made some allusion to claims against the State allowed by Judge Buckner, in the Madison Circuit Court. The Judge has replied in a card, pronouncing the statement alleged to have been made by the Governor as a falsehood, without the shadow of a foundation. Our columns are open to the Executive for a response. Surely the great and good man will not lie under such an imputation.

It is said that Mrs. Walter H. Davis will institute a damage suit against Phil Thompson for the murder of her husband, not for the sake of the money she may obtain, but to have a chance to vindicate his honor and innocence before the courts. A truer or more devoted wife never lived than Mrs. Davis, and the jealousy with which she defends her husband's good name, endears her to the heart of every honorable man and woman in the land.

THE Glasgow Times wittily remarks: "There is a streak of the ludicrous in the Post's persistently savage warfare on the Courier-Journal. The fierceness with which the former prods the latter is only paralleled by the impervious serenity with which the latter takes the prodding. Some kind friend should take the Courier-Journal out in the back alley and tell it the naughty things the Post says about it."

The Presbytery of Idaho covers an area of 100,000 square miles. They have 14 churches and 10 ministers. The work of church extension is greatly hindered by want of pastors. The Presbytery protests against the government's action in taking from Chief Moses and his tribe their lands.

COL. T. Z. MORROW is making a good start. He has professed religion and joined the Presbyterian church. The consolations of that profession will be all that is left to him after Proctor Knott snubs him under by an increased majority and it is well to be prepared for it.

A law student at Layayette, Ind., was surprised in the midst of an impassioned address before a sawhorse and twelve sticks of cord wood set on end. This laudable attempt at innocent practice was laughed at so much that he left town to escape the ridicule.

HARRISON PROGRESS will have charge of the White Sulphur Springs this year. He is also proprietor of the famous Hygeia Hotel, at Old Point Comfort. Just after the war, he was an express messenger at \$50 per month. Now he is a millionaire.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Lynchburg, Va., was visited by a \$300,000 fire on Wednesday.

—A German woman was killed by lightning in Louisville this week.

—Madison county has \$7,455,050 worth of taxable property and 5,063 legal voters.

—Robt. T. Meacham, brother of the editor of the Hopkinsville South Kentuckian, is dead.

—The Courier Journal thinks it is a remarkable fact that each of the seven democratic nominees for State offices wear mustaches and no other beard.

—Michael Fagan was hanged in Kilmainham Jail, at Dublin, for the murder of Under Secretary Burke; the fourth man to suffer for that atrocious crime.

—Wm. Ritcher, an Indianapolis saloon keeper, who had been deserted by his wife, loaded a shotgun with nails, and placing the muzzle over his heart, tore it to shreds.

—Dan Timberlake, charged with outraging a little negro girl, was sentenced at Lexington yesterday to be hanged.

—Lieutenant Colonel W. L. Mitchell, acting Adjutant General on Hancock's staff, was attacked by pneumonia a week ago and expired Wednesday.

—A brakeman, Benjamin Hickman by name, who lost a leg on the Chesapeake, Ohio & Northwestern R. R., has obtained judgment for \$12,500. The suit was gained on the ground of negligence of the company's other employees on the train.

—The republican State Central Committee will meet at 8 A. M. on the 5th of June, for the purpose of organizing and mapping out a programme for the campaign. Geo. Denny, Jr. is now a member of the Committee. The meeting will be at Louisville.

—It is at last settled with some authority that a plan of consolidating the internal revenue districts has been prepared, approved by Secretary Folger and by him submitted to the President. At present there are 120 districts, and the plan proposes to reduce the number to ninety-two. Let it be done by all means.

—Dorsey the Star Route thief says "I had the evidence that Garfield promised to appoint Stanley Matthews to the bench of the Supreme Court in consideration of \$100,000 contributed by Jay Gould to the Indiana campaign fund. Whitlaw Field was the man who acted as middleman in the arrangement of the affair."

—Jim Curry, the rascal who so cowardly murdered the actor Porter, of which a Texas jury of roughs acquitted him, had a close call in New Mexico, Tuesday. His bar-tender became enraged at him and arming himself with a rifle fired 62 shots into the house, wounding Curry who was crouching behind a barrel.

—The new bridge between New York and Brooklyn has already been the scene of a frightful accident. Wednesday a panic-stricken crowd forced its way out of the entrance and over a small flight of stairs, piling upon each other until 15 persons were trampled and crushed to death and fully half a hundred wounded.

—Another accident on the C. & O. R. R. The through freight train going north came into collision with a loose car near Georgetown, which had slipped on the main track. It was on a down grade, and the shock threw all the cars off the track wounding the conductor and fireman severely, tearing up the track some 200 yards and utterly wrecking the entire train.

—A dispatch from Knoxville of the 30th says: Tonight at the Knoxville Water-works the bottom of one of the reservoirs dropped out, emptying in five minutes 500,000 gallons of water into a cave beneath.

—The water has not come to the surface, though the reservoirs are on a hill several hundred feet high. The existence of the cave was not previously known.

—At Orono the democratic committee of Owen county passed resolutions condemning the methods by which J. Proctor Knott secured the nomination for Governor and approving the action of the Owen delegation in dividing its vote, and censuring the change afterward recorded, and pledging Col. Jones the support of the county should he claim to be the nominee of the convention. Col. Jones has given up all claims that he may have had and this effort to stir up strife should be condemned.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. May 15, '93

Dear Interior:

"What does E. C. mean?" writes a friend. It was a little mistake of mine on first arrival. I ought to have given our address as above. E. However, it makes little difference, as the postal authorities know this locality well, and a letter with the misdirection of E. C. upon it wouldn't go out of the way. London is divided into postal districts, according to a rule with which I am not familiar, but the different routes are labeled E. C., W. C., N. E. W., N. W., S. E. & S. W. The inner circuit, which runs a mile each way from a fixed centre, in the heart of the business city, is labelled E. C. and W. C. The outskirts and suburbs are lettered with the other signs, easily seen to tell their locality according to the compass points. E. C. means "east of centre;" W. C. "west of centre;" Dalston is an eastern suburb and our true letter is E.; of which please take a note in writing, if one has a liking for perfect correctness—a habit good to cultivate, even though incorrectness produces no bad result as in the present case.

Yesterday London turned out in force for a Whit Monday holiday, which, like Christmas and Easter, is a season of almost unbounded revelry and justification. We all wanted to see London in her gala dress, without being crushed by the crowd, and at last decided on the Crystal Palace at Sydenham as a place of observation. The "Zoo," at sixpence the head, and within walking distance of so many hundreds of thousands, we knew would never do, even had it been a less popular place of resort. Epping Forest would have too many drunken roughs in it for comfort, though otherwise one of the best places to see the London masses on a holiday. But Sydenham being thirteen miles by rail, would, we supposed, give us the "golden mean" we were after; and it did. Between 40,000 and 50,000—rough estimate—paid the shilling and sixpence, which secured a railway ticket and entrance to the beautiful place. Once there, one could, if he wished, spend a lot of money on side-shows of divers sorts, confectionery, lunches and varied merchandise. It was well worth the time and money to visit this famous resort on a national holiday. There was entirely too much drinking, of course, as there is everywhere in England, but we saw no one that was merry point yesterday. Every one "kept his legs" though not always "well under him" and on the whole there was far better order than we should have had at a similar great gathering in our own country. The out-door sports were the favorites until a rousing race after dinner drove the crowd away from archery, boating, bicycling and lawn dancing. The latter was not the brisk, lively thing we had read about, and all because they tried to import

waiting and the German upon an English lawn, where nothing would have been appropriate but a quadrille or an old-fashioned reel. As it was, the solemn and stately way the boys and girls tried to go through the imported nonsense to the scraping of a violin and the shrill twittings of a fife, would have made a hermit go into convulsions of laughter. We beat a retreat to avoid disgracing ourselves and offending sensitive ones.

It was pleasant to note the sturdy national character coming out in the free and easy way in which every one muntered about, looking as if he considered himself as good as anybody else and perhaps a little better. The harlequins were funny, disputes were settled by a friendly tackle on the grass and I doubt whether there were a dozen pistols or daggers among all those thousands. The carrying of deadly weapons is almost unknown among Britons. I wish it could be truthfully said of my own people. What an Englishman can't settle with his fist, he leaves unsettled, as it ought to be. But they are plucky to a man. One is impressed with this on every hand. It will not do to run against John Bull, unless you wish to be "brought up with a round turn." The other day, near London Bridge, I was looking one way and walking another, when I came in violent contact with some one, and was instantly reminded that it was a Briton of the sturdiest kind. Had I instantly shut out the stereotyped phrase, kept ready a thousand times a day for such street emergencies and which is accepted as perfect reparation for jolt, push, crushed corns, almost anything of the kind, viz: "I beg your pardon," all would have been well. But I was a little slow in stoning for my unintentional rudeness, and my quick-spirited "son of the laies" saluted me with: "Hallo! who are you now? Where are you shovin' to?"

—emphasis of the most scornful and belittling character on the pronoun. A glance over my shoulder fell upon an underdressed chap of 17 or 18, who might have sat for the portrait of Dickens' "Artful Dodger," with his old plug hat, trowsers many sizes too large and turned up at the ankles, coat ditto, and rolled up at the wrists; dirty and with disheveled locks, but every inch a Briton, and not to be pushed rudely by anybody. Not closing to have an apology extorted by this brave unkin, I dived rapidly into the crowd and got away, as I did not hear him; but I did hear and inwardly resolved that I would keep my "manners" in more available reach in future and be more prompt in acts of reparation. "Sturdy"—that is the word that best expresses the English character. And that has ever been a national characteristic. That made them unconquerable, even by Roman legions during the so-called "Conquest" of 500 years. They never were conquered, in the full sense of that term, and never will be. Abraham's seed were born to rule the world; and they have always walked the earth with this sense of rule shut up like a "fire in their bones" even when they knew not what it was. At the Crystal Palace there is a tower with 410 steps in it, leading to an altitude 220 feet greater than the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral—which itself is 150 in height. Who but English women, as I saw them again and again yesterday, would have attempted an ascent like that, with great, "soggy" babies in their arms, weighing 40 or 50 pounds? And all for pleasure mind you! They are not large-bodied people. On the contrary, we have been amazed to find them an undersized folk, far beneath an American average—male and female—at least in London; but when you talk of spirit, why there it is in these little people as you will find it nowhere else on earth—the indomitable pluck that has put the world to tribute! I am rather a meek man myself, but I can greatly admire courage in others, and am not a little proud of these, my ancestors.

I do not deny that a Briton is brusque, often rude, and one may say a little spunky. Like the interminable chimney pots that bristle over London like the grass of the prairie, a very continent of ungainly stiffness, and not an inappropriate emblem of the national character. There they are. There is no city of chimney-pots on earth but London. Only a hurricane can blow them down, and they are instantly replaced. The crown crooked chimneys, for the "Fathers" have settled it that smoke must find an outlet by a chimney with an elbow in it, and one of the first things to amaze a stranger as he flies along a railway on a level with the roofs is this endless array of crooked chimneys. It is the very embodiment of the sturdy conservatism of this wonderful people, who go their own way, take very little from their neighbors, find out things for themselves and look with suspicion on any thing that did not originate with themselves. I find that our American propensity to look upon ourselves as

"The sunniest nation in all creation," is only a legitimate sprout of the parent stock. The self-reliant, unbounded confidence in our "manifest destiny" is but a repetition of what has been since the promise to Abraham, where it all began.

Some new "identity" comes to the nearly every day, now that I have the clue in my hand. You know I believe Queen Victoria to be a lineal descendant of the house of "David the King," for "the sceptre is not to depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh comes; to him shall the gathering of the nations be." This settles the fact that Judah must be reigning somewhere for Shiloh and "the gathering of the nations to him" is not yet. Well, not to debate the subject, I found a singular confirmation of this as I stood in the "Israel Room" at the Tower of London last Saturday, attentively considering the crown of the good Queen of these realms. Not at the increasing diamonds that make it sparkle and flash from every point of observation, but at one jewel I looked with fixed attention. It is the jewel of the gorgeous crown—a ruby, given many centuries ago to the "Black Prince" by the King of Spain—a stone of wondrous size and brilliancy, larger than a partridge egg, of the purest water and value untold. All the other gems of the crown go out of sight, comparatively, as one looks on this blood-red jewel right in the centre and fore-front of the diadem. And the ruby is Judah's emblem among the 12 gems of the High

Priest's breast plate, where all the names of all the tribes are written.

The Blue Ribbon I noticed in my last. But I forbear.

A few more services in Hoxton Hall and we closed last Sunday night with 621 for the 18 days. Only the meeting in Harlan county, Ky., exceeds this and not even that, considering the fact that services were held only once a day. Nearly twice as many sermons were preached in Harlan to bring about the same results. Praise the LORD for all and forever!

"God's Love Story" came by yesterday's mail. I refrain from criticisms for obvious reasons. May the dear LORD bless the book. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. H. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—Blind Tom, the negro who has created for several years past such a sensation in the musical world, will appear at the City Hall, next Wednesday night.

—Misses Marian Woolford, Katie Mason and Sadie Huffman and Dr. Morgan, attended the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Camp Nelson, Wednesday.

—The work of tearing away the Robinson corner began today. In a few weeks it will be replaced with two new and handsome business houses of the most modern style.

—The session of Franklin Institute closes next Friday. An entertainment consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, &c., will be given on that night.

—The wonder why there are so many wagons and horses at J. W. Burdett & Co.'s mill, is answered by the fact that the customers get 40 pounds of the very best flour to the bushel, and a meal of the very best—not killed in grinding.

—We notice a great improvement in the appearance, and a consequent increase of trade at Mr. Bailey's old stand since Mr. McColbert took possession. He will keep the best of everything in the drug line, and we bespeak for him success.

—The trial of the men (Geo. Cates and Clark Jones, who are charged with having burgled tools on their persons was had before Judge Singleton, yesterday. They were held over in a bond of \$500 to answer any indictment that may be found against them at the coming August term of the Circuit Court. Failing to give bail they were committed to jail. An officer from Henry county came after the man (Geo. Dean, who informed on Cates and Jones. He is wanted in that county to answer a charge of horse stealing. The officer took him away as soon as he had testified. Officer Hunter, of Bardonia, came up yesterday to see Cates, as he wanted a man the description of whom fits Cates excepting as to height.

A Great Discovery.

That is daily bringing joy to the houses of thousands by saving many of their dearest ones from an early grave. Truly is the King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure guaranteed. Trial bottles free, regular size \$1. at Penny & McAllister's.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST.

LANCASTER, KY.
Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LANCASTER, KY.
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY."

LANCASTER, KY.

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Proprietors.

JOS. SEVERANCE,

Late of Chenault, Severance & Co., Stanford, Ky., with

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of Fine Goods, Notions, &c., 627, 629, 631 Main Street, New York.

LOUISVILLE. KY.

Valuable Blue-Grass Farm

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale my Farm of 905 Acres, situated near Walnut Hill, on the Stanford & Crab Orchard Turnpike, 3 miles from Stanford. About 40 Acres in cultivation; balance in grass. Good spring, plenty good timber and well adapted to stock; first good neighborhood. Will sell at a bargain the above tract of land and give possession at any time. For further particulars, inquire of J. B. Ordway, Stanford, Ky., or write to me at Lexington, Minn. county, Tenn. [129-4] J. B. HENRY FISH.

Penny & McAllister

PHARMACISTS

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded. Also

JEWELRY.

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought in this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and Warranted.

We wish to say to the Farmers of this County that we are handling this year

THE CHAMPION

REAPING AND MOWING

MACHINES!

We will have four styles of this Machine on exhibition next Court day, and would like for all to inspect them, whether desiring to purchase or not. Call on us and get some good reading matter free.

BRUCE, WARREN & CO., Grocers and Clothiers.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

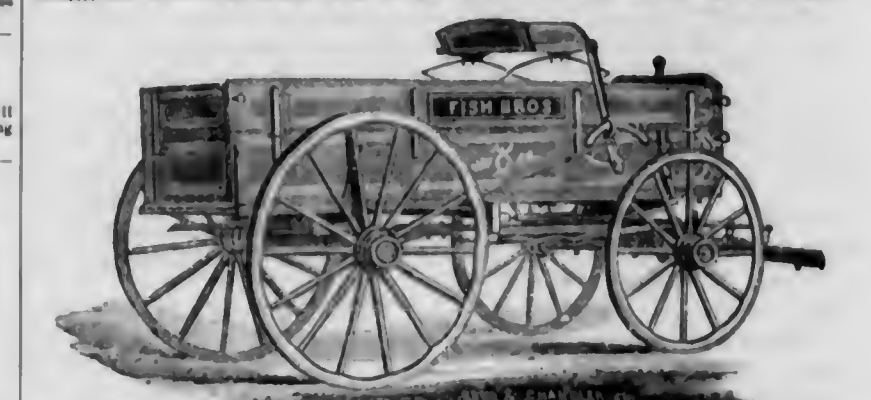
In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Farming Vehicles, and also in order to enable us to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Rooms and Agents at Harlan, the Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers

Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers.

I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Rooms a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,

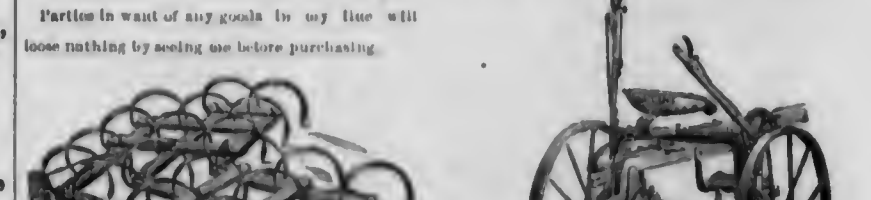


Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, Sulkey Harrows, Sulkey Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farmers' Rollers, and many other items.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Hackers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in my line will lose nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Harrow.]

Also handle Harrows and Reels of all kinds; also Hay and Wool.

[Moline Sulkey Plow.]

GEORGE D. WEAREN, Stanford.

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Managers Unionville Depot.

W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot.

R. H. WEAREN, Manager Richmond Depot.

[Union Plaster.]

RAVING MOTHER.

The former all in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamp's glow
His face was ruddy and full of fat;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conceded the fact of a picture book:
His wife, the pride of his house and hearth,
Beheld the blood and made the bed,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Dressed, undressed, and then,
Tired and weary, weak and faint,
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conceded the fact of a picture book:
His wife, the pride of his house and hearth,
Beheld the blood and made the bed,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Dressed, undressed, and then,

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the lamp's glow
"There's a tale to tell and a story to pay—
And of these should come a rainy day
"Would he might be dead, I'm bound to say,
"I have a little tale to tell, for fate must die,
An' there's a tale to tell, and a story to pay—
Enough to swamp a man's party night;
Besides, there's a tale to tell, and a story to pay—
To be provided for when we go,
So, 'I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd be a man of war, or a sailor, or a thief,
Extra fare don't do any good;
I'd be a man of war, or a sailor, or a thief,
Extra fare don't do any good;
I'd be a man of war, or a sailor, or a thief,
Extra fare don't do any good;

And when I was a good enough drink for me;
I'd be a man of war, or a sailor, or a thief,
Extra fare don't do any good;
I'd be a man of war, or a sailor, or a thief,
Extra fare don't do any good;
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considerably behind his time. He brought with him money to satisfy the claim made by the lawyers on behalf of their client. It was later than 6 o'clock when he reached the office of the firm, but he could not say how much later. It might have been half-past 6. The clerks had left, apparently, but the doors were not closed and the gas was burning in the office. A gentleman who stated himself to be Mr. Milbourne came from an inner room. The witness had never seen him before—had never before entered Great Grasshopper House, he explained. His interview scarcely lasted five minutes. The interview over, the matter of business concluded, he had left Mr. Milbourne at his desk. Could not say whether he had or not, in going out, closed the door of the office behind him. Had noticed the large iron safe—was open, and the key stood in the lock, he thought, but was not sure. He had not observed any one lurking about the entrance to the office. All was very quiet. Did not remember meeting any one in the passage. Did not miss his gloves immediately; thought, at first, he must have left them in the cab which conveyed him from the station to Great Grasshopper House. Recollected afterward that he had them on when he entered the lawyer's office, but it was too late then to go back for them. He had left London the following morning. Had not seen the newspaper for some days. Directly he had heard of the murder he hurried back to town to give evidence before the coroner. He had only arrived in town that morning. Had now told the court all he knew.

It was judged that Mr. Delmar had given his evidence very fairly. He had answered promptly every question put to him. An adjournment of the inquiry was proposed, but the coroner thought that upon the whole they might as well terminate their labors and leave further proceedings to the police. So the jury returned an open verdict.

Large rewards were offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Daniel Milbourne, and it was understood the police were most active and indefatigable in their endeavors to solve the mystery of the crime and to bring the guilty to justice. No arrests were made, however, and people began to talk lightly of the intelligence of one officer of the law, and to inquire rather contemptuously concerning "the theory of the police."

For some time Mr. Kimble was unpleasantly conscious that he was an object of suspicion. Turn which way he would, he saw, or fancied that he saw, the eyes of a policeman fixed upon him in a scrutinizing and distrustful manner. It was hard; for few men regretted the disease of his employer more sincerely than did Mr. Kimble. He could only rely upon the excellence of his character, his well-known respectability, and hope that in time he might live down the misgivings on his account, even of the police.

It was different with Mr. Delmar. He, too, was under surveillance. The tall, thin figure of Inspector Ferraby followed him like his shadow. But he had not Mr. Kimble's consolation. Mr. Delmar had no reserve of reputation to fall back upon. He turned upon the officer one day.

"Look here. I have had about enough of this. When are you going to let me alone? When is there to be an end of this?"

"When the murderer of Daniel Milbourne is discovered," said the inspector.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him. You want to hang me, I suppose?"

"I want to hang the murderer of Daniel Milbourne."

"I know I'm a bad character; that my kind of life isn't considered respectable. People think because a man beats his wife that he's a brute; that all are black sheep who go on the turf. But, like some one else, we are not so black as we are painted. I'm a man of good family, I'd have you know. My father was a clergyman. I received a university education. I've lived like a gentleman, though I do attend races; and now and then, I admit it, am terribly down on my luck."

"I know all this about you, and more, Mr. Delmar," said the inspector.

"You persist, then, in dogging my footsteps, in haunting me like a ghost?"

"I must do my duty, Mr. Delmar."

"The reward tempts you, I suppose. Old Netherston, I hear, is very liberal with his money. He'd pay any amount, he told me, to discover the party who was really guilty of the murder."

"Mr. Netherston does what he thinks his duty, and I do what I think mine."

"Then I'm to see you whichever way I go, am I? You're to follow me whether I go east, west, north, or south are you? Well, I warn you; it's enough to madden a man. You may try my patience too far. And some day, when I look round and find you following my footsteps, I shall be tempted to—"

"Not to murder me, Mr. Delmar?"

As the inspector spoke, he seized the young man by the arm.

"No," said Mr. Delmar, with a strange laugh. "Not to murder you, Mr. Inspector, only to give you in charge. As I said before, I warn you. Mr. Delmar turned on his heel and departed. There was a cruel and wrathful expression on his face. He was of a dandy build, and his blue eyes flashed angrily.

Inspector Ferraby was still active, though he looked blue and pinched enough, for all the close buttoning-up of his heavy overcoat and the thick muffling of his neck and chin.

Had the time for action really come at last?

After a close conference with old Mr. Netherston, Inspector Ferraby had sought the authorities at Bond Street.

A warrant was issued for the immediate apprehension of Charles Delmar, charged with the murder of Daniel Milbourne.

There was great excitement in the little street in Bloomsbury; not only because of the appearance upon the scene of Inspector Ferraby in a cab accompanied by two policemen, but a very alarm had arisen from one of the houses in the street—a lodging-house. With one accord all the windows in the neighborhood seemed to be flung open, regardless of the bitterly-bleak weather, and clusters of heads, young and old, tilted and tilted, forthwith protruded.

"What's the matter?" people asked, their teeth chattering in the cold. Some one answered: "Well, they do say as one of Mrs. Grimston's lodgers, the gentleman in the back attic, has gone and shot himself."

"Am I too late?" murmured Inspector Ferraby, as he mounted the stairs.

It was a low-ceilinged, meanly-furnished room, with tattered walls and an uneven, creaking floor. The light entered through the snow-patterned window, fell upon the bed, and upon the body of Charles Delmar stretched across it. A pistol had fallen on the floor beside a pool of blood. The face was scarcely disfigured, but there was a small, dark wound, through which the bullet had passed, in the center of the forehead.

Death, it was plain, had been instantaneous. He was half undressed; his cheeks were hollow, and there were deep lines about his white lips, but he looked very handsome still. His face had even gained in refinement of expression.

"Such a nice gentleman as he was," sobbed Mrs. Grimston; "so pleasant-spoken always, and so liberal with his money so long as he had any."

"Don't cry," said the inspector.

"I shall never get such another lodger, though I must say that, if he was obliged to kill himself, I wish as he'd done it anywhere else. It's so unsettling in a lodging-house, and so hard upon a landlady—at Christmas time, too, of all others. But what's Christmas time to him now, poor gentleman? For the matter of that, what's Christmas time to a good many others that's almost as poor and pale and cold and dead as he is, poor dear?"

And she burst into tears.

The inspector was cying the floor inquisitively. Presently he stooped, and with the help of a large cleaver-knife succeeded in raising a portion of one of the boards. He found beneath it a rusty ring. He examined it carefully, and observed as he thrust it into his pocket: "Beyond a doubt, the key of that iron safe."

A RUSE IN VAIN.

It doesn't always lead to credit people with over-sensitiveness. The other day one of our "rising young painters" was giving his opinion of the vulgarity and meanness displayed by our goldfish aristocracy. "Why," said he, "for instance, not long ago I was invited to attend a luncheon at the house of old Puffings, on Nob Hill. Of course I played a good deal to entertain the company, and when I left old B., as he shook hands, slipped into my hand a \$20 gold piece."

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TWO GIANT GIANTS.

Capt. Martin Van Buren Bates, who lives on a farm near Seville, Ohio, is seven feet eleven and one-half inches high, and weighs 478 pounds. Mrs. Bates is seven feet eleven and one-half inches high and weighs 413 pounds. It is a difficult matter to convey an adequate idea of the proportions of such a dwelling as the one occupied by the Ohio giants. A door that is six feet six inches high is a large-sized opening in the side of a house. That is, a dwelling house, and a cathedral. But the doors in the domicile of the Bates giants are but feet high, and the knobs are nearly as high as the average man's head.

The house was built by Capt. Bates in 1876, and is elegantly furnished. In the main building on the ground floor are, besides the spacious hall, the best-chamber of the giants, a sitting-room and a parlor. The couch upon which the big couple sleep was made expressly for them, and it is a curiosity to look at. It is extensive enough to give the great people room to stretch in, and it looks as big as an ordinary-sized floor.

It is really ten feet long, wide in proportion, and about twice as high as a common bed. The magnificent dressing-case is also a huge affair, with a glass upon it nearly as big as the side of a house. In the sitting-room is a piano of ordinary size itself, but it is mounted on blocks two feet high, so that the instrument is away up in the air, out of the reach of common folks. There are two rocking-chairs in this room that are so big that the reporter had to climb up into one of them to get a good look at them.

It is a most astonishing sight to come across the two giants out for a drive. City folks who have seen the ponderous wagons with wheels reaching to the second story of a house, used to haul stones weighing tons and tons, can form an idea of the vehicle used. It is pulled by six stout Norman horses, and it is enough to make a man think he has got 'em, an' r, suddenly most such a spectacle on the road out in the country. Passing wagons have to let the rails down and drive into the adjoining fields until the giants go by.

CHINESE BEDS.

There are two kinds of Chinese beds, and both arranged for a complete shutting-in by means of hanging curtains and tapestry. The expensive kind is like a sort of cage, having a tall wooden roof, just the size of the bed proper, supported at a height of about eight feet from the floor on four corner posts and two intermediate ones. Then there is a sort of fringe or catenary web running around horizontally, above and below, so that when you are in bed you are safely penned in a sort of cage, and cannot possibly tumble out.

The carving on these beds is sometimes very rich, and they cost much; but the ordinary and cheaper kind is made of two frames of wood, shaped something like the skeleton of an old-fashioned "settle," which are stood up on the floor, facing each other. A mattress is placed on the projecting parts of these frames, and a couple of slight stiles across the top; then curtains and hangings shut all in, and make it look as pretty as the taste and money of the owner are able. Inside there is a cotton quilt laid on the mattress frame. The occupant of the bed lies on this, having a little roll of stuff for the head, and for a covering a very thick cotton quilt.

A NEW AND UNUSUAL INVENTION.

Prof. Taylor, the microscopist of the Agricultural Department, has perfected an invention which will be of great assistance in microscopical work. In securing sections from animal tissues it is necessary to freeze the tissue in order to secure perfect sections. The apparatus called the microtome, which is used for this purpose, is kept filled with ether, and the tissues spread upon the wax surface is hardened into a frozen state. Owing to the rapidity with which the ether evaporates, the freezing process frequently requires an hour's time, and then does not accomplish it satisfactorily. Prof. Taylor's invention consists in filling a tank with crushed ice and salt, which is suspended above the microtome. The water from the melted ice runs down and fills the spaces in the microtome and an outlet below allows the water to run off, so that, without any labor on the part of the experimenter, the cooling agent is kept constantly re-enforced. The tissue is rapidly frozen, and kept in this condition as long as may be desired.—*Washington Republican*.

THE PROCESS OF subdividing the large plantations into smaller farms is going on steadily in the South. In Mississippi, for instance, there were 22,840 plantations in 1860, and the average number of acres in each was 370. Ten years later there were 68,923 farms, the average area of each being 193 acres. In 1886 the number of farms was 76,205, averaging 185 acres each. While the area is cultivated land is less than it was in 1860, the production of cotton is nearly twice as great.

The very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

WHEN it comes to descending a ladder the bravest of us generally back out.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penay & McAllister.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and, applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

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The Gospel According to St. Ruth. To which is added an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, and other sermons.

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